Fraternitas Loki

NATURE, MAGICK AND BEING

from

Scriptorum Lokiana

Chamber I

for

Enquirers and Adherents

NATURE, MAGICK AND BEING

by
Fraternitas Loki

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for the author via Fraternitas Loki

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NATURE AND THE WEST- A NOTE

The West has been in a sleep. Its magick, lore and its very essence as a civilisation and as a unique family of races has been in stasis at best and rootless at worst. Magick itself has often been a delusion born of the very infection which undermined the finest traditions and cultural and spiritual inheritance of the Western peoples. For its magick came not from demons, and a jealous god; not from neurotic fears of a perfect good positing a perfect evil; not from the hubris that gave offence to the gods and insulted Nature- the home of man and all sentience.

What gave birth to the West and to what was one day to become science and civilisation as recognise it in the emergence of the ancient civilisations of our peoples was an abiding interests in and empathy with Nature. A reaching out to the her mysteries and majesty. From this journey of discovery, the recognition that man was part of nature and yet by his sentience was a divine manifestation of Her unfolding came the magick of the West.

From it ultimately derived all that we now associate with magick: religion, ritual, ceremonial, science, art. It was a higher magick in the throes of transcending itself when a simplistic and mechanistic dogma cauterised our peoples. The Cosmos was turned in upon itself and free enquiry became a heresy. There have been many false starts to evolution and the the aspiration to the higher consciousness, the "Overman" of which Nietzsche and other great teachers spoke. If our destiny lies among the stars, as the myths and the magickal initiations of Aryan occult schools in the hidden history of the past have intimated then our point of embarkation, our launch pad is our Holy Mother Earth.

These essays are a step along The Way of that reclamation of that which is rightfully ours.

NATURE, MAGICK AND BEING

by

FRATERNITAS LOKI

Chapter 1
NATURE -AN APPROACH

In far western part of what was the central Saxon Kingdom of Mercia, lies the county of Shropshire, one of the last areas to be subjugated by the Saxon tribes. Here King Offa (ruler 757-796CE) constructed a dyke which ran the entire length of Mercia. Wales forms Shropshire's western border. The area is called 'The Marches' from the Old English *meorc* meaning borderland: from the time of Offa right through to the end of the fifteenth century the border was disputed and English kings built mighty castles along their kingdom's border. In the far south west of England (its peninsula) lies the county of Devon similarly bordering a Celtic land, this time the Celtic county of Cornwall (from the Saxon *Kernu wealas)* is Dartmoor. Similar in terrain and features it is far larger and remote than the Long Mynd of Shropshire and includes the famous 'tors' as well as forests, bogs, upland, river valley, moorland and one of the heaviest concentrations of prehistoric monuments anywhere in Europe. It is regarded as England's last 'wilderness'. Both are 'blood lands' and in their time were fought over by Saxon and Celt.

In the midst of them lies some of the most unusual landscapes in Europe. Remarkable for several reasons: a) they are unspoilt; b) they are rich in ancient and prehistory; c) they fabulously beautiful; d) they are landscapes now associated with the Sinister Tradition; e) it is here that supposedly certain rites were held and Tribal Pacts forged at the time of the eclipsing of the Old Religion of Europe to open a Gate at a distant time in the future to presage an Aeon to follow on the ashes of the enslaved Homelands

Some members of F.L. and one or two other Arktion groups will be familiar with Dartmoor and the Long Mynd because of their trials of endurance for adeptship. Thus I shall not discus this aspect. We were initiated here in 1968 and have grown increasingly fond of it- yet there is always more to know. The land exerts a power, a mystery and majesty all of its own.

Approaching the Long Mynd from the south (the most romantic way to go is from Bristol across the Severn Estuary/Bristol Channel up the Welsh border through the Wye Valley and Forest, then through Herefordshire). For Dartmoor you go constantly west- past Stonehenge, over Salisbury Plain and into the peninsula with the Bristol Channel to the north and the English Channel to the south towards the Atlantic.

Then suddenly you are surrounded by hills, which drop away to the east but rise almost primaevally to the west. It is as if huge limbs had been thrust up out of the bowels of the Earth itself or vast sculptures had been dropped onto the planet from outer space. Nestling into Dartmoor and the Mynd are some villages: man around here takes second place to her- she dominates all life it seems.

The National Trust owns 5,500 acres of the Mynd moorland and thus it is preserved: wild and uncompromising. For Dartmoor it is protected by the Duchy of Cornwall in most part and forms part of the Dartmoor National Park and nature reserve.

To here, or to one of the other selected sites on Albion, as in almost every season of every year we come for another FL/OJB Expedition March, setting up camp on a remote farm beside a babbling stream which led higher and higher into the Moor's mysterious interior, while in front the land drops away sharply to the valley of the River Wedburn and commands one of the finest views of the entire Moor.

Nature is never predictable in such sites of the Ten Ringed Path as it seems to be near the centres of human civilisation. Or perhaps it is simply that being so far away from safety and comfort one notices the raw and unpredictable majesty more keenly: from bright sunshine on arrival we were engulfed in snow as we set up tent and prepared for the cold night

Here feet are the most practical way about. There there are two narrow roadways over the land: hair-pin bends with sheer rocky drops hundreds of feet on either side; impassable in winter.

Such Camps are not for the feint hearted. On this one (unlike most others) each member was an officer and had his individual trials and tasks for The Work. I cannot speak for them. They must tell their own story. It is only right and proper. For me 5 or 6 am was normal start to the day followed by a cold wash in the stream in the hard frost, and then a 3 or 4 hour trek up into the Moor where the only companion was the gushing of the brooks crashing from high up, the wind and distant cries of sheep and hunting birds. Sturdy boots, windproof jacket, emergency provisions, stick and knife are wise. The weather can change from a sunny spring day to a cold swirling black sky with gusty wind, rain, mist and snow.

On fine days there are views from our Dartmoor base into Cornwall, across to the coast and the English Channel and Atlantic beyond, or across into the North Moor. From the Mynd you can see the Brecon Beacons, Snowdonia, the Clent Hills and the Cotswolds. And the patchwork of heather provides cover for the red grouse- (the Mynd is the most southerly grouse moor in Britain). Other birds include the raven, buzzard, dipper, wheatear and ring ouzel.

On Dartmoor hunting birds, sheep, wild ponies and other wild animals are the natural inhabitants: and such humans who have a natural empathy with nature and the joy, nobility and respect that comes from it.

Man came very early to the Moor: there are many remains of prehistoric burial mounds, chambered tombs, stone circles, villages, stone rows, clapper bridges and Celtic Hill Forts. And traversing the Moor are strange trackways. All emanate from the Hyperborean Aeon civilisation

A ring of quartz outcrops here. Indeed for those who know- walking along along various Moorland streams will reveal crystals in the beds of the clear cold water courses. The Moor curls across the landscape like some sleeping primaeval goddess and nymphs: awaiting any man who will renew troth with Europe. Such men were the Hyperborean settlers: stand in Grimspound stone age village and feel their presence still. And such men it is rumoured were followers of a legendary Arthur and the dark clan of the ancient sea kings, far different from the sanitised version.

Sinister tradition resides here in the south-west of Albion: all around are the sites associated with, both known and unknown. Even now primaeval rites are performed without knowing why by remote villagers.

There are pools and caves, dolmens, circles, chambers, waterfalls and tors hidden from view and hard to find even by those who know them- the Moor can lead you bewilderingly back upon yourself away from where you intended to go. Each of such places have their story and their role in The Path and its tradition. But that is another story and another Expedition for those who care to venture on the trail.

For those requiring deep communion with nature and wishing to be touched by the Western Aeon away form the ephemera of a decadent society there is magick in these hills. Indeed The Tradition continues even today out of site of prying eyes of the sleepwalkers. For those who know. Those who care. Those who dare. Ω

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Chapter 2
NATURE MAGICK

All landscapes have a *presence*, to a greater or lesser degree. That presence initially is felt via the individual becoming aware of his relatedness to certain factors no matter whether these are psychological, spiritual physiological, metabolic or bio-rhythmic. In other words, just as we relate to certain foods, fluids, people, colours or times of day or season, so a flat landscape, or a mountainous landscape, or one of coast or of forest intuitively 'feels' good for one.

Yet beyond that stage lies another, deeper awareness and *gateway*. To go beyond ones' personal preferences- even these parts of one whole make-up, ones' individual rhythmic association with a landscape type- and thus to be touched by and build a link between something deep inside oneself with the quintessential something deep inside the landscape and its history to which one happens to come.

Some practice is needed for this, although those who have already stripped themselves of the crassiditude of contemporary society and the equal banality and paranoia of most modern occultism and its assorted genre, dogmas and paraphernalia, will find it comes more quickly and naturally to them. Initially it may be done through camping or hiking holidays; by sleeping rough in a deserted cove/beach, or remote woodland, a hilly cave; via simplified ceremonial magic in natural surroundings using the usual props the novice feels need of; walking beneath the stars; by gardening; or by taking a simple manual job in a rural area and so on. Thereafter another stage is reached and felt by undertaking various physical and practical tasks alone in nature (e.g. as in Grades 3 to 7, Sports Magick 2 to 4, FL 3 to 5, COJ, DES, Cub & Wolf trials, as well the relevant rites each group maintains for necessary objectives). Those who were born and brought up in the countryside of course will find all these things, and indeed the goal of these exercises itself, coming naturally. Some learning from a teacher in a landscape on an Arktion Expedition or an in person Course is helpful- but only up to a certain point.

After that you are on your own to complete a *natural* process in and with Nature. For Nature is the origin of what we call Magick.

This process is essentially the opening of real magic (in the context of meaning or natural reality for the Western psyche that is). Those who think it is achieved with abstract thought, clever lectures, magickal spells, formulas, philosophy (useful as occasional subsidiary material such things may be) merely delude themselves and others. Hence, despite its protestations, the decline of the West.

It is the same whatever exercises are chosen- stepping outside of the structures and strictures binding you to somnambulism, conformity, prejudice; that is not running away from it, but accepting a kind of war if you like.

In time- with practice, with patience, dedication, and a little humility and sensitivity- this sense of *being* will emerge. A natural empathy that can be called upon at will and a feeding of the energies that the Mistress of Earth can offer you from the *acausal* depths of deepest outer space at any time you wish.

Like having learnt to ride a bike, it can be done or experienced almost anywhere. Having obtained the technique of connectedness on certain of our courses and expeditions (or by sequential self practice via F.L and its sister groups) you can thereafter walk into a landscape and by whatever trigger you deem appropriate (which before training/initiation would not mean much at all: e.g. 30 seconds of deep breathing, blind short walk, runic stances, a physical gesture, staring, facing sun or moon, etc) immediately step outside of the landscape humanity looks at but fails to see and enter another world: the being the landscape codifies as a statement or presentation of evolution which in turn is bound to and part of every particle in the cosmic machinery impelled with the same drive. Step into a timeless zone of which you are a transient figment.

There is a sense of joy and of loss constantly juxtaposed, virtually intertwined like the double helix. A sense of part and apartness, of being a fragment and whole,

The inner reverberations of simply being alive- *vitally* alive that is- in this or any other chosen landscape (for it is also important that you have chosen to enter the landscape, by taking a break from your daily round; or undertaking an expedition; or a short walk where you happen to be to *physically* decide to make the material effort) can cause the head to swim, the pulse to race.

The sense of loss comes from the frailty of man set amidst the essence that for one moment in eternity what constitutes you has been brought together to be able observe, feel and comprehend existence before you are dissolved again into dust and maybe, if lucky, an entry of your honourable earthly endeavours recorded in the annals of your descendants.

But there is joy too: for having at least had that sense of *being* and the entirety which could be accorded one's life if one so chooses to live the Aryan path of nobility. Furthermore one can never be same again. Self-possession is the key when one is freed from the infantile egotism, deceit, conceit, corruption and petty territorialism constituting so much of occultism and politics today.

When entering a landscape on an Expedition one must be stripped of and go far beyond the opinionated dogmas of left or right hand paths, the half-baked mysteries of would-be visionaries, the factless concocted mythologies, the games of fabrication and fashionable role-play, the self-righteousness of considering yourself better than others, the sterile and opportunistic exploitation.

Here one will be confronted (if one has been prepared sufficiently that is as indicated above) with the *fact* of being; the magic of blood conjoined by landscape presences the eternal.

Certain landscapes on Albion (usually of old rock, unspoilt, and significative of racial struggle and which have maintained a remoteness of its human communities for the bustle of modern living and retained many of its old ways, aside from not having fallen prey to 'development ' which normally destroys nature).

Such landscapes as such as Exmoor, Dartmoor, Bodmin Moor, the Bheara Peninsula/Kerry Mountains, Brecon Beacons, Snowdonia, Cumbria, have a presence and majesty all of their own.

It is man who has bent to their demands not the other way as, sadly, happens to some landscapes. Apart for the seasoned holiday hiker kitted out in tough gear, this is an inhospitable landscape for all its raw beauty.

The energies of Celt and Saxon (and their blood) have been dispersed in this land for 1,500 years and before them the successive waves of Brythons, Goidels, Beaker, Dolichocephalous and Brachycephalous peoples, Neolithic and their ancestors and even before them the Hyperboreans. All successively worked and built and left their sacred markings on the landscape. For many centuries war, struggle and tenuous settlement were daily facts until just over half a millenium ago the border finally stabilised. Even so, the area of (for example) Dartmoor is like a no-mans land between the Saxon and Celtic worlds; it is the high peaks of the entire peninsula. Like the Marches in Wales, it resembles a 'thin-veil' between worlds, twixt the visible and invisible, material and immaterial, past and future, present and eternal. The Moor incidentally is one of the richest areas in all Europe for monumental remains of the Stone Age and Bronze Age

It is the land which demands attention of man and not vice versa.

You cannot often command a sure footing, each step requires consideration. The turf is springy, yet rocks and crevices lurk everywhere; the soil not particularly rich; rocky outcrops, small screes, boggy terraces, sudden precipices, hidden mini-valleys, elusive summits: these and more make walking an exhausting task. And there are only two directions: up or down both making additional demands on the body that forces both heart and lungs.

Except for the deep sided river valleys where murky forests abound, trees make a precarious living on these rugged slopes: they cling to the soil, leaning into the hills twisted and moulded into bizarre patterns and stunted shapes by the ravages of hard winds and small rootage.

Only bracken, water and rock seems to be at home- while the animate living here, especially represented by hunting birds and sheep, have accepted the dictates of The Moor.

When the sun is out The Moor seems almost to welcome you like a lady and a lazy warmth embraces all; when the clouds gather in she becomes a hard mistress, and a foreboding primaeval ambience sweeps across the horizon.

As with The Bheara (another site of our Expeditions) a sunny day can turn in moments to a storm- and there is no shelter (except for those who by means of strenuous expeditions over time have become familiar with hidden caves, cysts, tombs, etc. The smallest of valleys and narrow passes where the slopes meet afford no respite. There is the odd cave- a treasure for those who know them and who have chosen to practice their endurance trials and Dark workings on these hills.

Far down at foot of The Moor (or even half way up at the last suitable farming land and habitation and upland woods) of course it is a different story, here the slopes merge into forest affording a suitable camp, or location for a ritual, if the dark seclusion of enfolding trees is required; also the windswept of high summits themselves provide suitable places to commune. Here magick may be practised in the original sense, without the gibbering abstractions, fancy formularies and paraphernalia of deluded dilettantes. Your best 'artifacts' are already to hand: the human body and will, the elements, seasons, and the raw grand temple of nature Herself. Any working here survives and manifests on terms which are older than man and for its intensity, for its need and vision, for the purity of its intent, for the self-honesty of the practitioner: inner essence as opposed to the distractions of outer form.

The passage of time itself demands attention. When Sol sinks behind the hills the stars blaze with a wild mysterious passion in the night sky, a canopy of hidden worlds beneath which you are thrown back to confront the truth of what you seek on this planet. Many of them ceased to exist millions of years before you were born.

Up here at night man is even smaller than in the day. The lights of solitary cottages and farmsteads are just pin pricks of existence tolerated by the magnificence of the enfolding hills.

This stream flowing out of The Moor beside your tent will run when you have turned to dust and vanished into the distant echoes of history. The sheep beneath you, half carcase half skeleton astride a remote brook is slowly consumed and returned to the land. Yet the eternity of the land itself is an illusion.

Meanwhile you have work to do, for it is only by *doing* that Becoming is reached, no matter what you might be told by so-called 'masters' with clever words, fine theories, mystic formulas. Walk, walk, walk these hills until the blisters on your feet either bleed or else are forced to become hard callouses.

Nothing is what it seems to be to the untrained eye.

Magickians do not 'look like' magickians. And this landscape is something else for those who care to *see*. Nothing is assured, it only appears to be. The constant music of the water over rocks is but a death-chant of another kind of dissolution: mountain, to hill, to rocks to dust. You will return to this landscape, and others, again one day with the Order. The same 'charging' and purging will be offered. Presentiment of *being*.

Meanwhile wipe the sweat from your brow and walk. It's over two hours yet back to camp. Ω

Chapter 3
ASPECTS OF A SINISTER ESSENCE

*T*hose who would know magick should first know nature. Without that primary connection any study or path remains an intellectual abstraction, rootless and devoid of the quintessential source manifesting what is termed 'magick'. Those who would seek to become magickians or heralds of that which we seek might firstly consider becoming 'natural': not in the stereotypical neo- social-darwinist sense which is another manifestation (usually) of political dogma emanating from judaeo-christian strictures (i.e. an inverted heresy), but in the ancestral sense of connection, empathy or being with, a natural melding which is beyond intellectualisation.

Ultimately 'magick' is not a supernatural 'product' to be bought via spells, secret elixirs, infernal mandates, demonic pacts, and pseudo-elitist covens and all the obsessive paraphernalia that constitutes a society and a people mindless and rootless. It is in fact very simple and may be termed 'Nature in Evolution'. It's very simplicity and purity makes it hard for the thinking beast we are conditioned to be by messianism over centuries to embark on the hard path of self-honesty, and the hard disciplines of self-overcoming and the humbling experiences of "man's place in nature".

For in nature there are no dogmas, abstract universal themes, no God or Satan, no perverse psychotic concepts of good and evil, nor indeed the sickness of so-called individualism which now infects our society and tears it apart. Few who study or who claim involvement in the sinister path (and its variant delusions such as satanism, luciferianism, etc) have yet even partially felt or apprehended this single basic first step.

The greatest obstacle to the very fact of *homo sapiens* being in essence a prime example of nature in evolution, a supreme manifestation of the grand cosmic spiral, is that he seeks to erase that fact, theology and dogma and materialism seeks to sever him for that which gave him birth, and instead pursue an artificial dictate that would destroy the very characteristics and variety that gave him life and vitality.

Sadly this possibly mortal point in man's evolution has come at the very time when he has woken up to the fact of and the inherent need for bio-diversity (in the context of flora, fauna and animals kingdoms) and cultural and national subsidiarity (in the context of the European Union). What then of the "complexfication of nature" as Teilhard de Chardin put it with regard to the races of man itself? The totality of existence is in a permanent state of diversity and striving to fulfil its potential, whilst the apex of that evolutionary spiral, the creating beast *homo faber*, actually chooses regression by imposing thought systems and laws that restrict the diversity Earth sought for many millennia to give birth to.

Just over a millennia of messianic psychic infection has misdirected a civilisation to a pitiful shadow of its former self, considering the vast array of opportunities and advances t has made technologically and where our civilisation should be (the stars) and higher degree of education of the folk which should be common place (as opposed to technology which has in fact further demeaned whole populations to the lowest common denominator), of our creation from our tribal roots, which now abound in every sphere. Yet his uprootedness from nature and thus by implication from his land and race undermines his ability to exploit the very developments he has perpetrated, so that instead of freeing man and pushing him onto greater challenges it further enslaves him.

However, periods of time alone (or in the company of our own more trusted comrades) to a remote European landscape retaining a certain numinosity (and practice) of sinister lore- especially such as those on Albion and Eire which have been intimated in the The Ringed Path still to be found - will reveal to the intent seeker the signal truth of this glory of identity.

Here the eternal rawness of nature and the fight for survival over several millennia (even by the hereditary farmer in what can be somewhat hardy climes and temperamental weather and rugged landscape) reveals life in a new light.

At first there may not seem to be much, so used are we to the cacophony of modern, cosseted life with its constant sounds, mindless chatter, and materialist action. Slowly though as you walk exhausted with senses now alert and straining to catch a hint of sound and what its source may be, wary of your footfall over springy marshy turf, quarzty rocky gullies, and long precipitous slopes that seem to stretch far beyond the horizon, each inhabitant and process of the landscape formerly invisible to you, both animate and inanimate. Sound and sight and touch suddenly becoming a oneness, each particle in the total composition (of which you are now a part) stand out like a quintessential aura in a play.

This 'stage'- raw, windswept, almost desolate, certainly stark- initially appears not to be super abundant, for your eyes must adjust to the subtle shades of colour, the sudden shift of temperature from outcrop, tor and ridge to dell and gully, and the tactility of form denoting the substance or gradient you must traverse.

It is easy to become suddenly lost in reverie, an overwhelming sense of simply 'being here', of merging with the indissolubly bound matrix of the place that you may not be prepared for the unusual geophsyical circumstances which to change suddenly from halcyon slumbering heat to the most inclement of squalls and storms and impenetrable mists.

At first you are only aware of the shapes, which are all around, then gradually focus shifts beyond that to the all embracing form those shapes beneath and all around you like a dormant beast of a forgotten age over whose infinite contours you crawl like some minute insect, or of a enfolding womb or cradle this goddess has reposed herself here to succour creation and evolution; then of the clean, fresh air as wind or breeze sometimes warm, sometimes cool sometimes so still you have to stop to check your bearings; then of the gurgling of countless little brookes you hadn't noticed before dashing from out of the boiling top of the hills; then of the myriad of birdsong of raven, buzzard, harrier, hobby, variant chats and throats; then finally of creatures closer to our own lineage: the scurry of rabbits, and lonely bleat of hardy moorland sheep, or the sudden canter of a distant wild pony.

Despite their distance and variation of contemporary circumstance and treatment, there is a certain similarity between all such landscapes. Part of it is a reflection of the fact that they represent the regions to which the Celtic tribes increasingly retreated and which came to be representative of essentially Celtic language and culture; part by the fact that land was hard fought in these parts and is drenched in the blood of our feuding tribes in the age of migrations and subsequent times of territorial consolidation ; part in the fact that self evidently there is a geological kinship between them all: remote, not particularly good soil, some of the oldest rock in Europe: to the superficial eye one could be in any one of the ten 'moorlands' (one for each Sphere of The Path). They are also largely untouched by the predations of the urban herd.

But in human terms there is a similarity, which reaches into the essence of the Folk, and of man. It is seen partially by the fact that man has had to fight for these lands, and has been driven off them by Nature several times over ten millennia or so. And part also by the indefinable fact that here you are in the Old World still. The Old Ways you see are not yet dead. The rural communities are close, very close and difficult to penetrate by any stranger (and one is an 'outlander' until the passage of maybe a decade or two of residence merits your inclusion as a newcomer and later perhaps a considerable time later you might be regarded as a local.

The folk hereabouts have their own ways, and despite the incursion of the trappings of twentieth century ephemera, the Ways somehow surmount the trappings. They work this land and need not outsiders interfering in their affairs. This clannishness also speaks of tradition. The ways of the Old Religion did not completely die out in such parts.

Ten sites in Albion two in Devonshire (Dartmoor and Exmoor), Bodmin Moor (Cornwall), Snowdonia (North Wales), the Bheara Peninsula/Kerry Mountains (W. Eire) together with sites in Dorset, South Wales, Scotland, and Cumbria (in N.W.England), and a certain other location which is at the heart of F.L.'s teaching- all have such an ambience.

And all have their mystery, their tradition, and their tribal custom, which rumour only gives a hint of (even among the local populace which are themselves deferential and distanced from a certain 'class' or 'folk') : strange practices on hill-sides at odd times of the years at midnight; a peculiar reverence given to pregnant women; things buried in the soil at certain times; unspoken of gatherings of the womenfolk; and throughout an uncanny matriarchy exuding all life; ritualistic ways of greeting and courting, a sub-language of sign and banter; codes of behaviour the boundary of which non may cross, and which are unwritten and unknown to the uninitiated except. Here intermarriage is fairly common, whole villages being related; not to mention pagan custom which the tourist and ethnographer have not penetrated. Here certain tasks and 'offices' are appointed according to family as they have been for centuries, often by a curious cycles and generation rhythms, or by gender. The fact is this is not your world. This is the world of the Old Ways. You are the foreigner. All modern Westerners are foreigners, souless beasts who have betrayed the Dark Goddess.

Aside from determined tourists and hardy fell walkers who manage to penetrate a fringe of this land, there is another category however who will appreciate something more them, an 'expectancy' in the air. Recall what was said in part 1 about landscape and presence. On a particular landscape it is especially strong. Adherents of the two groups meeting and working here. Thrive on it. On entering The Land it exacts the desire for change, for the challenges of the Ten Ringed Path. Look up at the night sky here and you will see the starry band of the Milky Way as in no other place. The Spheres rule above and The Mother below.

Those already undergoing study, Cub-hunts, Inscription and in time The Trial, will find themselves fed by this landscape like a bountiful fountain in a desert.

Tendencies and abilities in themselves will be rising with each stage of their work in their Pack. On coming back to The Land an essence in them will rise in anticipation to (many have to return here several times before the truth finally sinks in).

It is an almost sexual arousal in the pit of the stomach; elation; a keenness of the senses; a heightened separateness from the normal self and the herd; a re-focussed inner balance and natural harmony; a within minutes of arriving a deep, haunting (almost painful in its acuteness yet joyous for all that) sense of kinship with the totality of where you have again set your foot in Troth- every particle of land and weather, every leaf and bird call are a part of you, and you of it.

But all of this is only a Rite of Passage. It too will pass. Another, greater strength and harmony awaits you. And real Work begins toward your ultimate goal.

It is part of the 'natural' part of magick, to reach what has been lost in modern man. At the end of your latest sojourn you will return to the normal world denying the ego's need for another fix of elation, and to stem the drift into constant change, the tendency (in the un-prepared) towards a certain absolutism and fundamentalism. Ultimately a gardener only gets to know his craft by applying himself to one patch of ground, before casting about for other landscapes.

After this partial initiation into 'being', into 'self' begins the real task of applying the lessons of the shadow-self of becoming what is natural or what is Aryan. The so-called satanic pride of glory, of ego, of power ineffectual dark elitism are but escapist delusions, the first stage of attempting to place one's step on the first rung of magick, dualism in fact by another name (most never escape from this role, for all our stages are but a role to take us to the next stage of our being: a vehicle or means of going forth, just as an organisation will always be transforming, evolving, whilst retaining the inner essence, if it is to fulfil what an organisation ultimately should that is). Fashion and trend abound in the left-hand path as much as it does in pop or metal, or high couture, or the right-hand path, or left-wing and right-wing. *et al.*

The journey is beyond that, beyond indeed any human philosophy or self, to teach a sober craft to "*represent balance and restore what is lacking in any particular time or society*" as a certain character was given to say. It also teaches gentleness, honour, loyalty, courage, empathy and yes, love too.

Yet all these elements, and many more also, must be lived to become a means to becoming. It is also worth recalling your ultimate quest, that:

"We outside the confines of the herd are on a narrow path..... thereon is danger and ecstasy, a sad poignancy - but above challenge and excellence all there is exhilaration via a intense and interesting way of life..... Our life is art in evolutions's service for we aim transform the world..... to herald a new creature in our image".

A rock is part of a landscape, yet it is still a rock as is a gully, a piece of heather or a stream.

Return for your quest on these hills with that sense of loss and joy that a momentary glimpse of oneness to yourself and all things that you must now strive to be that rock or tree, separate yet connected, in life. If you are strong, the meaning of these hills, tors, outcrops, gullies, scarps, peaks, caves, streams, bogs, rocks, prehistoric stone circles and avenues, derelict cottage, hilltop ring, lonely pool, tarn or lake should linger always in you. Like trying to embrace the stars that blaze in the itense, silent, deep blackness that creeps over This Place at night or a warm, living breeze on a sunny day, now try to reach into life itself and suddenly find a new-power and meaning in those qualities of being human among humans, especially those who like you are worthy of the effort, through the love and passion for life that comes from *being*.

Some misconstrue The Tradition which applies its heritage- rather whose work emanates from this area and its essence embodying that heritage. They may naively confuse it with tradition in the old aeon dualistic sense, infernal mandates, delusory elitism; there are still those who ask to 'join' Fraternitas Loki and seek guidance about runes and crystals, meetings and rituals. The fact is, as an American F.L. Initiate pointed out to his Pack: this certain Order is not exclusive in the usual meaning of the term, so it is not an organisation as such, although like an organisation it serves a certain aeonic purposes (especially as herald, accuser, catalyst, presenter, narrator of what has been is and what is to come).

This group is also a path for the individual prepared to become a particle of The Tradition, by fulfilling the potential of evolution within his or herself. It is a re-presencing if you will of the spirit of that source of growth inherent in all things in and represented by Nature, and ascription of what might have been termed the manifestation of deity, or eternity that the Greeks ultimately knew as Natural processes. In this world all things including yourself, constantly live on an edge- there is no respite from challenge or change, no escape to a safe god-offered sanctuary from vicissitude, except that which comes from painful transition to partaking of, or being part of what is, from *Being* in itself. Ω

Chapter 4
PATH BETWEEN WORLDS

There is increasing dispute amongst magickians and pagan adherents as well as among those of ethnic cultural resurgence, regarding the role and method of practising religious observance, esoteric working or the locale and technique of magick itself. Some claim it must and can only be out of doors, others that to do so merely is revivalist and thus as modern folk we must reside in the environment that as evolving creatures we have created for ourselves.

Although both having an element of substance and rationale within them, both views likewise stem from a somewhat intellectual approach rather than an empathic and intuitive one. In other words they are again reflective of that separatism of mind and body which has dogged the West for 1,500 years, and especially since Cartesian philosophy. It is fundamentally part of the sterile process which turns experience and exploration into dogma, and via a separation of man from nature by means of interposing a supra-being (no matter by what name it goes: materialism, god, the state, human supremacy, the party) between man and the cosmic mystery then induces individuals wishing to break out from that conformity to seek short cuts via spells and wands of various ilk- irrespective of whether these be scientific theories, revolutions, fundamentalism, or supernatural demons and servitors, or trees of life.

Perhaps both views (or rather the impetus for them) are right but for very different reasons? Perhaps what is needed is rather a comprehension of what constitutes our aspirations as a race or species, and what the reason for the construction of temples originally was and how they connected to the supreme relationship with Nature (and other forces, for example 'the gods' or 'the acausal', or 'blood' etc .

To perform any kind of magick (ritual, ceremonial, visualitive, chaotic, shamanic, sinister or whatever) in nature for the sake of dogma is as sterile as to refuse to perform in nature to rebel against such tradition as our blood is heir to, and vice versa.

Magick as a religious experience should be natural as it should be totemistic and a sacramentalisation of the rhythms and processes of living, connective power tools - not sterile series of functions based around abstraction and dogma vested in a priestly bureaurocracy.

One of things marking out man in the context of self-consciousness was not only his evaluation and self-recognition of himself as a distinctly unique sentient creature but his ability to transform that awareness into concretising his intimation of the relationships he observed and analysed, his desire to tap into the energies that they represented and his need to make manifest that which he sought or aspired toward: balance of inner and outer worlds.

Thus we see in our ancestors with regard to nature a double drive: to connect with nature and meld with the energies which created him on the one hand and to create his own vision by his own hands of the relationships which he saw- a kind of sympathetic or totemic magic on a grand scale. This was the awesome task of the early priestly geometricians and architects. And now in a more vulgar and deluded age great energies are expended being amazed at how advanced our ancestors were to construct temples so clearly expressive of cosmic relationships, natural phenomenon, eternal proportion and godly aspiration. There is nothing amazing in this at all. It was simply that our ancestors were expressing that zest and intent desirous of exploration and understanding we ignored through pursuit of materialistic baubles and that because they were closer to nature and were obliged to work closely with nature for very survival that their scientific or cultural or magickal quest and analysis should express a conjugation with nature itself: nature after all is the greatest teacher, for we are not entirely autonomous beings, we do not exist in a vacuum, and we did not suddenly come into existence through the whim of a paranoid desert god.

What however is amazing about the innovations and temple monuments of our ancestors is that they were so expressive of a communal drive to push their skills and potential to the limits and that societies were emerging which combined spirituality with technology in a dynamic statecraft.

Even more amazing is that we should have declined from that symbiosis to mere high technological materialism despite the evident superficial progress (and advantages) of that lopsided development of our society.

Thus to return to my opening statement in Chapter 3, "those who would first know magick should first know Nature" is in itself two fold. On the magickal level it is somewhat futile to engage in a study or practice of magick without engaging in a relationship with Nature for it is in Nature that we see the most profound expressions of the forces we would seek to more clearly master and understand (that is if we are to go beyond the infantile stage of magick as something somehow separate from nature and peculiarly human, and thus derived, like a stolen charm, from God).

True, magick in terms of its practice for and by humans, is human. But Magick itself is something which is beyond humanity and human ego. Humans if you will are the channel for the expression of cosmic relationships the forms of which are entirely the result of human intent and originality, but the essence of which goes beyond individual or group human designation.

Magick has been described by some as a science. It is and it is not. It is not a science in the terms of the reductionism that has come to characterise science in the last hundred years or so, that would reject everything that is not totally demonstrable and explicable by the laws which dictate the technological, scientific and industrial culture in which we live- yet these have to be constantly modified or re-oriented for any major movement forward in human discovery. Scientific laws then are to some extent subjective inasmuch as they quickly become credo thence dogma after invention and application that the totality to which those laws refer are only fragmentarily comprehended by a species at any given point its evolution. The science of magick more exactly lies in comprehending the fallibility of humanity at any stage of its development and the nature or laws of the broth in which it operates, and more importantly the condition of the individual sentient creature who would explore and practice magick and thus extracting empirical truths and phenomenon on levels.

These cogntive skills, survival tools, are not immediately obvious to the linear conditioning of materialist civilisation. The history of science, and indeed art and civilisation itself, is full of examples of incredible leaps forward in human consciousness, progress and societal organisation exactly because individuals or a religious or political state refused to play by the accepted roles, thus manifest their or concretised their philosophy, derived from Natural cycles, by a process of intuition or racial will. This has been termed 'thinking with the blood' and it is not, as some might imagine from the extreme right or left, a political creed but rather a flipping back onto the path of 'Naturalness': for example international finance capitalism has more in common with Marxism, whilst the Greens and democratic forces have more in common with nationalism etc than with the former if the true origin of the impetus is considered. The latter is part of natural phenomenon of diversity, harmony and evolution as found in Nature itself, whilst the former is an outcropping of the unnatural separatism of man from nature, a self repression or tunnel vision.

Magick, like science, is stranded in the isolationism of cartesian separateness: there is no unified coherence and no thread linking the genetic-spiritual activity and the innovations which are daily imploded into the fabric of human psyche and human society.

Thus more than ever it is necessary to return (not to copy or revive but represence) to the creative zest which enabled our ancestors to make the dramatic breakthrough in evolution: the first calculations of stellar phenomenon as well as cosmic and Earthly time cycles and processes; the first temples and rites of passage marking human experience, identity and insight; and the first art and machines: these together would within a short space of time make man himself a planetary membrane in reality even though psychologically he was later to expel himself from Eden as it were. Since then mankind has become not so much a membrane as a parasite on the planet. Yet the potential for him to be a membrane of sentience and manifest spirituality in a divine process of the cerebralisation of the Solar System as Teilhard de Chardin put it still remains.

The choice is of either retreating (into a sterile technological environment) or empathising (conscious species and his workes with Nature making a sacramental symbiosis).

The species has not yet become automatons although the globalisation of the economy and pernicious trends towards conformity of culture, ethos, language, society, is certainly a danger to the imperatives of evolution being abstractions for short term edification of power cliques. The very fear of falling profit due to imminent collapse of Gaia systems has suddenly enforced on the governmental and plutocratic psyche the natural order manifest in diversity, yet demands that mankind himself be severed from that diversity and ordains he must not represent an aspect of it. An analysis of any aspect of biology, geology, astronomy, or history demonstrates that as organisms a self imposed totalitarianism or reductionist fit-all credo will either collapse and bring down many millennia of evolution or will regress the species into simpler, less sentient and partially android creature from which no deviation can emerge.

This is not to say that technology does not have its place or indeed that it cannot actually aid another level of harmonics with Nature itself: we are not after all into the business of pretending that the past was perfect and must be recaptured: this is another byproduct psychologically of messianic conception of linear time from Eden to Armageddon. Indeed technology should be part of the armoury for the evolution of the species, but must never be the sole impetus or meaning for existence. With will and individual we may yet enable our own creations to serve our needs rather than our indulgences and like nature herself make our technology an artery for life itself.

Technology can arm the psyche for ritual exploration: computer models of cosmic correspondences, prehistoric star movements, temples at their zenith. Silicon chip fission mapping inner and outer realities, unleashing our imagination and aspiration. Thus more than ever is it necessary for all those interested in evolution, race, magick, pagan religion or whatever to comprehend the two hands, the path between worlds.

Not to restrict yourself to a chosen creed or religious or political dogma- even though you may delude yourself it is for a greater reality and the means justify the ends etc, but to step out on the path beckoning which our ancestors first saw in the twinkling night sky, the blazing dawn, the hoary frost.. As John Berger pointed out in his 'Ways of Seeing', we know the physical explanation behind the reason for the manifestation of the sunset- yet the facts and the explanation do not quite fit the sight and the experience of the phenomenon.

Can you strive to touch 'the shock of each moment of life'? Can you make your ritual a flashpoint of self-organism and cosmic-organism, a two way energy flow? Can you step beyond the posture of your role and sublimate artefact, weapon, ceremony, desire/working and self into a totality?

Then go out from your home, you sanctuary or cave as it were, to Nature with no artefact and no clothing, no crystals or chalices etc; simply feel and then perform according to your intuition after having reached deep inside to that drive or need which brought you there whilst at the same time melding that inner voice or need with the sounds and sights of nature around you: the whipping of the cold night wind amongst the trees or scudding across the grass; the touch of stone, earth, tree or water on naked flesh; the music of water cascading over rocks; the hollow giddy sound of the air blowing up from a cliff or chasm or valley eyrie; the sound of nature or earth and vegetation crackling and expanding as the sun beats down upon it in a silent sacred spot you have retired within; the myriad dance of the clouds; the flash of meteorites and falling stars and much, much more. Let these initially be be your ceremonial weapons, your ritual garb.

Having endured and experienced magick in the raw other insights can be gained: engaging in a similar ritual with chosen items from your home/temple; constructing ceremonial items from whatever you happen to find around: feathers, cones, twigs, bones, rocks, berries, etc; or by taking such natural artefacts into your cave/home and engaging in a working there.

Man alone in his landscape facing the raw forces of Nature, the eternal blackness of the night sky, the sad wisdom that his land all around him would be here when he was gone: this is where magick began for Western man. There was bewilderment, sadness, humility and yearning as well as defiance, elan, intuition and empathy. This was where magick began. Place yourself alone in a suitably remote landscape and experience the fact and recognise you are the latest in a long line of ancestral seekers- not grovellers.

So, do not assume and build upon a distortion that crept into Europe and tore Western man from his roots, and repeat alien creeds and mystifications. Rather go forth into the land your ancestors loved, there to seek and apprehend.

The same journey can be made in different ways before the meaning of the actual way is known. Abandon conception that indoor or outdoor workings are good or bad. There is no such thing. But there are ways of apprehending that which is being sought. Seek, do, become. Ω

Chapter 5
NATURAL UNFOLDING

For our ancestors magick was about understanding and transformation both about superiority and procuring power. The former is an intuitive state of evolutionary impetus which seeks to know and go beyond by becoming at one or part of that which lies beyond and within the self. The latter sees man as separate from Nature and superior to it except to the power to which he must be servile he must be servile so that in turn he can obtain gifts from with which to manipulate and rule over others- and of course Nature itself.

The 'natural magick' of Europeans might be gleaned from the concept of initiation for the ancient Greeks in their mystery schools. It consisted of a process, for magick proper was in fact a process of transformation and even today those Orders and which truly practice Western magick in any form essentially teach self-knowing as process of living and becoming, revealing what is latent and thence going beyond what is even the latent or potential self to become part of something greater and thus create something greater. Most groups however are still manifestations of monotheistic subservience offering psuedo elitism and some basic tricks and archaic mystification to massage the egos need for crutches. Thus it is based on facile intellectualism and sycophancy rather than endurance and striving.

This destructive distraction basically stems from the un-natural religions of monotheism which divorced man both from Nature himself and his nature and the Cosmic Being: or eternal totality. In its original essence (before dualistic religions) monotheism is hardly to be differentiated from the magickal experience of our ancestors. Monotheism is thought by some to have derived from the reforms of the Eqyptian pharaoh Amenhotep IV (1350-1334bce) in an attempt to reform what he may have regarded as a static or corrupt polytheism. Seeing, correctly, the interrelatedness of all things, he gave a name to the totality beyond all things and which was to replace both Amun and Ra: Aten and changed his own name in its honour: 'Akenhaten' (glory of Aten).

It is thought that a nomadic tribe at that time living as foreign workers in Eqypt sycophantly converted to the new religion, which ended in the reign of his successor Tutankh-aten (Tutankh-amum). Retaining the heresy, they were finally expelled by Ramses II (1279-1212) and took the heresy of monotheism with them.

The tradition continues that in their wanderings to seize land to convert into their own kingdom, the new faith appears to have become their victim-victor psychology. Thus it was transformed from a revelation of oneness beyond and encompassing diversity and opposites into a racial god rewarding a subservient nomadic tribe to be the world's chosen whilst at the same time dividing existing between a single god and his adversary. Thus an intellectual expediency was set up as dogma imposed on what was essentially a reflection of what was an apprehension of natural phenomenon illustrated by symbol and allegory. This specificity and division makes monotheism, in its corrupted state, alien to the European psyche since it was now not empathic to the natural world and the balance of the natural order. Manichean teaching further compounded the distortion.

The Greeks would have perhaps called this natural state or totality ***physis*** meaning nature or more exactly the source of growth or change inherent in or construed as nature. It is from this that we have the term *physical* to which we refer to such things as the human body or the material representation of our being which is part of this Natural process of unfolding. The tendency amongst our ancestors to ascribe real features to so called deities was not, as apologists for judaeo-christianity would have us believe, primitive superstition but rather an empathic reaching out to and in a process of *physi-theism* or a veneration and understanding of the physical powers of nature. Thus all of our sciences commencing with the letters *phys* derive from this magickal process of the Greeks and other of our ancestors who ultimately related all experience, all matter, all life and all being to the Natural order. Taken as an active principle of natural religion or magick shamanism, which commenced with our ancestors reaching out to the natural forces in a sentient manner.

This appears to have evolved into this scientific magick (for such it was in its essence despite its allegorical form). The practice of *physis* in a living form would have been what we now call in the Federation ***homoeostasis***, that is the maintenance of stability in the organism or totality via natural diversity wherein each element fulfils its potential or its natural laws in an ongoing series of *physiological* processes. In turn this is what is ultimately meant by *homo faber* man the maker or creator as engaged in transforming himself both materially and morally. Thus one is only truly a member of *homo sapiens* (the wise ape) and *homo faber* if one magickally lives or becomes the essence of *homoeostasis* via *physis*. In other words if he is a fulfilment of Nature by being physically and spiritually natural. This was the stage our ancestors had reached by intuitive disciplines and experiences in the course of their evolution from cave dweller to hunter gatherer to agriculturalist and inventor

However the naturalness of man was interrupted by the superstitious imposition of literalism onto an apprehension or revelation of reality as a process and created un-naturalness in both the experience, psyche and social reality of all who came into contact with it. The symbiotic balance of opposites as representative of a flow or process, as in the eternal cycle of birth, death and rebirth representative by the Greek mystery schools, was corrupted into false schema of perfection being gnawed by a cancer. And Nature itself was now something that had to be subjugated by man who had been given dominion over it by his jealous desert god for whom he was now an agent to defeat satan (natural processes).

Thus the emphasis by all monotheistic religions on 'conversion' and being 'saved'. The enlightenment has to be swift and total for there is no room for any kind of transformation for any process that teaches through experience will sooner or later enable the individual to discover things as they really are.

The Greek mysteries, as indeed the initiations and mysteries of the North such as the Berserkers and the long training period of the Druids, comprised a whole process rather than a single event.

This was also preceded by a lesser mystery or ritual of purification. As with the Federation, our ancestors lived and became what they sought. Their initiations or mysteries followed process of three stages indicating aspects of being or becoming. Stage i: 'what was done' (*ta drómena*); Stage ii: 'what was said' (*ta legomena*) and Stage iii: what was revealed (*ta deiknoumena*). Those who are involved in any of the workings of Fraternitas Loki cub trails, or the paths of AZOF, or the grades of OJB, or the training courses Spartans and COJ etc will instantly recognise the presencing in our own time of essentially European religious and magickal values. As opposed to abstract or intellectual (messianic) culture all the above are, like the ancient Greeks and their natural processes of understanding, dependent on action on becoming and overcoming: transcendence in its fullest meaning. Thus the secret hopes of students, novices, initiates, officers and even adepts depend on actions performed in quest and what has been seen and achieved via a process which is the teaching rather than on acceptance and repetition of static credo.

In this respect Nature, Magick and Being is like the tripartite nature ancient magick itself. It is never static for Nature, from which derives all, is never static. Thus a look at any aspect of the Federation which is supported by FL, reveals that it is always changing, for like an individual seeking evolution and attainment in this lifetime a true Order can never remain the same if it is to contribute to humankind.

Yet it simultaneously always remain the same- much as a landscape changes with each season and evolves over aeons yet retains its essence via innate characteristics and qualities which enable us to define that landscape as a particular place unique among others. Thus if it becomes something unique and contributes to the totality of what is, so enabling that greater whole to also become something more than it is, it will be in a state of flux and constant discovery (unfolding from within as it were), yet can only do this if it is *homoeostatic* itself. What does remain then is, like Nature itself, essential principles partaking of the natural order and which is itself timeless even though in outer appearance it may be, like a season, related to the moment.

The rhythms and processes of an Order or of a single life itself are (or can be) like the great cycles of the prehistoric myths of our Folk. They intimate and so by action the intimation of the hidden order of nature and science is revealed as concrete reality for founding the next twist of the helical cord of evolution. As with Nature a true magickal act is not about the individual as such (as almost all so called magick these days represents nothing more than the indulgences of the ego born of a materialistic hedonism is claims to shun). Thus mind games, personal power, sinister strategies and dogmas are largely erroneous. Nor is it about replacing one structure with another. Nor is it about believing that by only always being in nature can one be natural or practise magick. Rather that by being in nature and evolving one's consciousness and bodily rhythms one can be part of what is natural and thus learn, as from any teacher (although some of course attack this since they have become so obsessed with their 'role' they can only attack rather than get on with their own work, naturally). Thus as from any teachers, studies, grades, or courses which are natural (begotten, innate, or deriving by direct empathy/participation rather than adopted or borrowed as most magick is) should be merely steps along the Way- like the unfolding of a landscape over time. To know nature is one fundamental step without which all else is pointless for it merely leads back to the soulless and rootless monotheism which corrupted our immanent divinity.

As with much else Nature Magick and Being is a process as is nature itself as is any real magick. Some misunderstand the reason for joining F.L. or any other Order in the Federation and fail to see that it is in fact a vehicular process or a resource rather than a place or membership. An Order should be like a Landscape: immediate and timeless. Our own lives will be fulfilled more if we enter a state of the natural order: Unfolding. Ω

Chapter 6
EMPATHY, INTUITION AND LIVING

The magick of the West- that is the true Western Mystery Tradition (as opposed to the one implanted onto it via judaeo-christian quabalism, Renaissance demonic magick, dualism of power, and so on), might be said to be Empathic. That is it, derived from the earliest consciousness of Aryan-*sapiens* as part of his natural enquiring mind. Without many faltering steps it led to the high point of Greek magick which combined mystery with science (rooted in Nature). As stated before, the Shamanic tradition in its purest form proferred a deep respect and awe for Nature with a self sacrificial or medial relationship between it and the tribe. From this shamanic empathy (as opposed to remnants of ancient shamanism which has become superstition) the spirit of the West may be said to have derived and was expressed in its high points of the Hyperborean civilisation.

This type of magick is *Natural* because amongst many other qualities it sees everything as part of a unity which is sacred in itself not because it is the property of a demented desert god. It is an *homoeostatic* machinery on a grand, an infinite level. Thus sentience itself is a sacred part of the that unified machinery, it is the universe itself fulfilling a new aspect of its innate potential. Thus our sentience is divine. It is sacred. It is natural, a part of the fulfilment of Nature.

Our 'Being' therefore, if revealed and conducted in terms of natural unfolding is a manifestation of **empathic magick**. Since 'being' thus becomes part of the natural order, the new organism or manifestation- sentience- has sought to harness billions of years of evolution to fulfil itself in empathy with that which has gone before not rebelling against it.

Thought should only be a method by which the essence, the raw material, the inherent relationship and mystery revealed by intuition is fine tuned. It should never be the starting point. So much of modern society- science and art to name but two- are now solely grounded in abstraction and application (rather than intuition, action and discovery).

Along the former lies a path wherein for the human race a period of high comfort because the natural Western ethos or character fulfils a conquering spirit to create (in this context materialist baubles and toys), but after which very quickly decline and enervation sets in, conformism, stereotype, hysteria, automatism replace elan, rationale, progress and excellence.

Real change, that is natural evolution of people and societies, energetic diversity becomes a terror, since it highlights the stagnation and hypocrisy of the body politic and cannot be faced. It knows that Nature has an ethos regarding such corruption, the cleansing of the Aegian Stables. To put of the fateful day therefore, all invention is seen as a threat and quickly suppressed, tarnished or absorbed robbed of its essence. All criticism or reform seen as 'reaction' or anti-progressive. All physical opposition or detraction seen as 'terrorism' and erased by whatever means.

There are various techniques of testing, or rather re-birthing, this natural characteristic of the Westerner (which some rural folk in very remote communities still possess in part at least). One is to live in a landscape for at least one whole season. Whilst there undertake the same journey each day observing the minutest of detail and the smallest of changes according to season, time or day or weather and work with a limited environment and you will see what I mean. Or marry with a landscape through a whole cycle of four seasons, engaged in some task or husbanding or recording that view or small tract of land.

Certainly having developed at least some small sense of 'loyalty' to the area of one's devotions and attentions (perhaps you have ben visiting this place regularly for short periods over the course of 2 years or so, or even over decades), venturing 'out' of one's adopted home territory or designated expeditionary 'patch' will have its rewards (such walking to a stone circle 12 miles away; or spending a day at a nearby seaside fishing village; or venturing for a day and night into a neighbouring section of the landscape out of one's depth as it were). But this should be seen in the context of an adventure, a way of comparison with the part of the landscape you have chosen to live and work with.

Therefore it is useful to choose a landscape which comprises a whole geological region, which we might term 'a world unto itself' so to speak, almost a region or zone as it were. Some specific landscapes have this quality and they usually have a particular history of conflict or settlement, or a continuous struggles of human colonization and struggle to get a living from the land, and also have a strong rural culture, as well as some possible linguistic peculiarities, or dialect as well as custom of course.

For example a tract of moorland, or mountain range, a peninsula, an island or whatever, of several miles extent and which offers a singular ambience and structure from any neighbouring region. Thus you will forever be 'enclosed' within your 'world' even when out on 'exploration' over the horizon form your patch.

You will then begin to feel this sense of belonging to the land and being part of nature that it seems our ancestors possessed. You will also feel that sense of being a 'foreigner', for anyone from outside who comes in is a foreigner. This is not because they are foreign or regarded as inferior etc, simply because (as with the rules for the ancient Olympic Games) there are ways of reverence and ethos practised in this landscape which the newcomer may not comprehend thus is treated with some caution until it is can be demonstrated that the *natural* harmony of the human ecology as well as the landscape ecology will not be damaged by the presence of outlander.

The same practice obtained in the days of Republican and early Principate Rome via the priesthood of the Pontifex Maximus, whereby all new rites, cults, trades, customs, artefacts, dress or mannerisms etc from outside of the natural or racial society or territorial domain had to be assessed to ascertain whether it would be damaging to the polis and its natural balance. A form of organic quarantine if you will, which we see practised conscientiously with regard to the natural terrestrial environment and stellar space but now totally flouted with regards to racial and cultural ecology.

In this way, in ancient societies, foreigners and visitors (once it was determined they had good reason or right of entry)were treated with respect. But they had clear limitations on what rights they had: not because of xenophobia as such but because of this natural harmony which the tribe had with its land and its gods. Sadly this 'green' ethos of harmonious living has been forgotten in the modern cross-continent process of 'diasporas' which has not only led to a total breakdown of respect for the land and the host populations but a sudden and frightening decline of native culture and codes, law and order, community and family etc. It is as if there has been a wanton and coordinated effort to destroy the natural ecology of the planet and its diverse peoples by tearing them from their roots.

Certainly you will be an outsider yourself throughout your expeditionary sojourn- in fact you would be an outsider unless you remained in and dedicated yourself to that landscape for a good twenty years after which you might finally become qualify and be accepted as a 'natural' and rightful part of the isolated community.

But that sense of isolation, of being on the outside is an opportunity to actually attempt to meld in with that which is. A rare chance for you to become a part of it, rather than expecting the landscape to be part of your ego. On arrival in the chosen landscape don't be persuaded into imposing you way or will upon it. Restrain your drive, your reason for removing yourself from the urban morass, your magickal intent like a coiled spring for now. Let it, your deepest magickal urges and even superficial experience, be infiltrated by the landscape, by the voices of Nature. Let is absorb you. Permeate you. Try to let the rhythm of the place speak to you and dictate your life, at least initially until you can begin to let your inner drives emerge without separating you from the land, without your ego and consciousness becoming a fence between you and what you are in. For now as in any temple or church when you perhaps used to pray as a child let it speak to you.

Now as an adult you have come to a real Temple. The only temple man has perhaps has ever needed.

Listen, watch, feel, explore: the rhythm of birdsong and flight paths; farming duties on the land or at the farmstead; the hidden sources of streams, brooks and disused farm tracks; the sound and ambience of the landscape over the passage of the diurnal round and thence the transition as light fades and its night-time visage falls around and enwraps you; the point of entrance and egress of the sun and moon over the horizon; field patterns; wild grazing; nocturnal wildlife; the passage of rain, cloud and mist etc as conditioned by the hills; the particular chatter of wind in certain trees; the call of unusual hunting birds in faraway woods; the cry of sheep or wild ponies on a distant unseen moorplace; the point over the horizon where the shooting stars headed; the broad band of the Milky Way in the black firmament; shapes of well known landmarks mist or night; and so on.

Let the landscape speak to you upon your rambles, open up to its charms and ways. Collect gifts from Nature: feathers, crystal from stream beds, pine cones. Sit or lie down often and without moving: against a tree, on an outcrop or tor, in deep grass, beside a babbling brook, on a mountain ledge, on a rock in a stream or river, beside a tarn, against a farm gate or wherever. Listen to your hear beat, your lungs and the land. Look and *see*.

It is also a time to let your fancy steal in upon you: trees become giants, who or what lies buried at its roots? Did prehistoric man once have a village beneath where your tent now stands? A childlike imagination should return to you- it is natural and needs rekindling.

For in effect what you are doing is performing a 'ritual' spread out over several weeks. At sometime within the ritual you will no longer be separate from it.

What does remain the same is the true inner essence or principle, as with the rhythms and processes of Nature itself and the great cycle of the ancient myths and sagas of our ancestors. So to be in Nature as a physical and magickal act is not about an artificial dogma of reverting to some halcyon idyll which never existed. Nor is it about replacing one structure with another. Nor is it about believing that by only always being in nature can one be natural or practise magick.

Rather that by being in Nature (not as a tourist by means of dedicated devotions and duties via a determined and sequential process, programme, course, expedition which as stated before is like unto a Ritual over a period of time) one can be part of what is natural and thus learn, as from the best teacher.

One of the jobs of a teacher is to unlock so that the pupil may teach himself. Certainly within that initial phase the teacher can teach facts and skills, but again this is Or rather should be) an arming for revelation of individual potential as part of a natural unfolding of tribal evolution itself (in terms of a tribe that has its being in harmony with Nature),rather than as a 'conditioning' according to some perceived and usually abstract wisdom or dogma. Thus as from any master, studies, courses or grades (of any substance) which are available to you, to know nature is a fundamental step along the Way. Without it (Nature), all else is pointless for it merely leads back to the soulless and rootless monotheism which corrupted out immanent divinity. Ω

Chapter 7
NATURE AND WORSHIP

*F*or our ancestors' magick and art preceded religion. The ritual paintings in the Lascaux caves and other places at the very dawn of advanced hominids makes this self-evident, as do the burial caves of Neanderthalensis and early Cro-Magnon. Man sought out the deepest mystery and majesty that nature could afford- the heights an the depths. His work with nature was not blind fear- though he certainly must have been fearful in a world in which, as an emergent sentient creature, he alone in the world was seeking answers to comfort the fact of his self-consciousness.

Yet from the earliest times he worked with nature. Nature, as with human life and death, were intertwined. His loved ones, once deed, joined the Ancestors and became again part of Nature- part of the forces he had to work with. And the shaman of the clan or tribe was the first priest as such, one who by skills and craft and endurance placed himself as a medial point between the known and the unknown and sought powers and answers.

Thus religion grew out of magickal practices and the arts (or magickal visualisation or empathy with what was unseen yet was felt or intimated because of direct experience individually or communally). And it is interesting to note that even when man had accomplished the standards we now recognise as civilisation as such he still carried on the tradition of a natural magick (even though the mechanics of urban living and the structures of statecraft had now stylised natural worship into theocracy and so on) he still sought out the heights and the lowest places as in times of old: the temples of Ephesos and Olympus or of the Parthenon at Athens for example; or the caves of the sacred oracles. And for the Northern peoples the same was true- the sacred groves of the island of Mona, vast stone circles in remote landscapes all across the Atlantic seaboard of Europe.

And when he was not reverring and worshipping with and in nature, the spirit of nature was practiced in the home at the ancestral shrine, regarded just as important as the great temple or oracle. Therein was the tribal spirit.

The same could be said originally of the great temple and mystery schools- as with the Vestal Virgins or Pontifex Maximus etc - they were the repositories of the racial soul, the ethos of the folk, the sacred histories and deeds, the spirit of the land to which the tribe was bound.

Worship then was not the blind subservience we now come to regard religion: rewards offered the soul in return for terrestrial slavery of the mind. Worship was a celebration of oneself and of nature and oneself and the tribe as a part of nature. I this respect nothing really died. The dead ancestors lived on in what their descendants did and how well they fulfilled their troth and the ethos of the tribe. And the great sagas, folk-tales and myths (now so demeaned by some racially rootless and soulless satanists today) were the real links in the chain of racial heritage of man his blood and his land. It had the effect of providing in each generation a duty and a desire to fulfill the promise of the first ancestors or hero or god-king. Thus each generation had sense of urgency and longing to have an honourable place in the hall of ancestors when the time came for his or her corporeal frame to be returned to the Mother, the dust of the tribal land.

The spirit of adventure, conquest, self-mastery and excellence, of curiosity, invention and understanding stems not from satan-allah-jehova-god-marx (for in essence they are all the same) but from the natural magick of our ancestors' (cf the ancient Greeks) understanding of man as being an integral part of Nature rather than separated from it by an intervening deity/jehovic-satanic theory.

Thus the workes and inventions of man was in effect a religious celebration of nature. Man had a sacramental approach to all he did: his individuality was complete and fulfilled only in so far as he epitomised all that was best in the spirit of his folk. And his folk was epitomised in the land and when it failed man too felt he had failed for he realised he was interminably bound to it. This spirit is returning today with those young people in various 'eco' and 'gaia' groups working so hard with and for Nature and its defence. It is only by such a return to the essence of nature worship which triggered the advance of the West that our destiny among the stars can be attained.